Now afore God this holy reverend Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you goe with me into my cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurſe, goe with her, wee'll to Church to morrow.

Exeunt.

Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our priviſion,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tuſh, I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee wife.
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone,
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my ſelfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Againſt to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward girle is ſo reclaim'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. I, thoſe attires are beſt: but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leave me to my ſelfe to night,
For I have need of many Oriſons,
To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſſe and full of ſinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you buſie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoovefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.

Exeunt.

Jul.

Jul. Farewell, God knowes when we ſhall meet againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe: what ſhould ſhe doe heare?
My diſmall Scene I needs muſt act alone.
Come Viall: what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it, lye thou there.
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is; and yet me thinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tryed an holy man.
How if when I am laid into the tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? there's a fearfull point,
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome aire breaths in,
And there dye ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried anceſters are packt;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrowd; where, as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night ſpirits reſort:
Alacke, alacke, it is not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them runne mad:
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous feares.)
And madly play with my forefathers joints?